

Academy Herald.



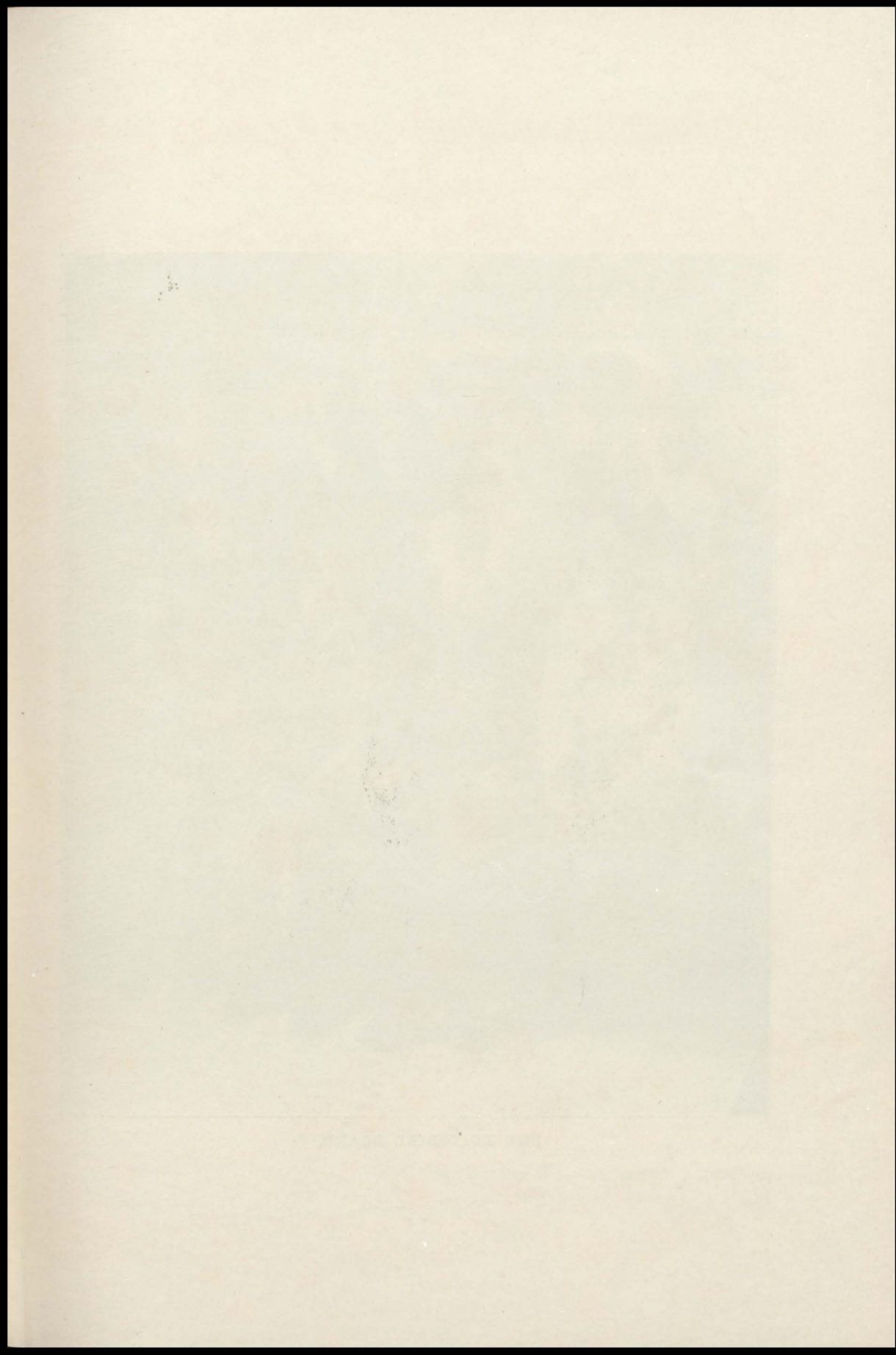


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THE EDITORIAL BOARD.

The Academy Herald

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NO. 2.

THE ACADEMY HERALD

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial, - - - - -	3
"My Best", - - - - -	4
A Visit to Some Schools in Palestine and Syria, - - - - -	4
How the Denver Special Was Saved, - - - - -	5
Ivanhoe and Lady Catharine, - - - - -	7
The Deficient Paper, - - - - -	9
Academy Fair and Entertainment, - - - - -	10
Communication, - - - - -	11
Alumni Social Club, - - - - -	12
Boys' Conference, - - - - -	13
Y. M. C. A., - - - - -	14
Y. W. C. A., - - - - -	15
Quotations Applied, - - - - -	16
School Notes, - - - - -	19
Under the School Clock, - - - - -	20
Those New Academy Floors, - - - - -	22
Athletics, - - - - -	24
Exchanges, - - - - -	28
Statistics of the Class of 1915, - - - - -	29



As this is the last issue of the Herald to be printed under the present staff of editors, we take this opportunity to thank all who have in any way assisted us during the past year. To our advertisers who have helped to make the Herald possible from a financial standpoint, as well as to all who have contributed to its columns, we feel deeply grateful. To our successors we extend our best wishes for their editorial success.

—0—

We hear on every side, "School loyalty!" "Be loyal to your school!" "Show school spirit!" "Attend the ball games!" Did it ever occur to you, fellow students, that to contribute something for your school paper would be showing school loyalty? Hand a

quotation that might apply to a friend to your editor. Find an advertisement for your business manager. Pass in an alumni or class note. Join the few who have started this campaign. Don't leave it all to your poor editors. Surely you enjoy the Herald when it comes to you. Don't you wish to feel that you have helped to make the Herald a success?

Strive daily this high motto to fulfill.

Then like some star

Clear-shining, steady, may it lead you on
Along the pathway that the great have gone.
Bring fresh endeavor to this pledge each
morn:

"My very best."

A. M. G., G. A., '94.

"MY BEST."

Grandly resolve, O students at "G. A.,"
Ere you begin the duties of each day,
Whatever difficulties hedge the way,
To do your best.

Be not of that short-sighted, idle mass
Who learn their lesson simply for the class,
Whose chief concern is only, "Can we pass?"
To stand the test

The years shall bring, you need of honest
work
To make a sure foundation. There will lurk
Some tempter coaxing you to meanly shirk;
But do not heed.

Each one who studies faithfully shall find
More profit than improvement of the mind
And store of knowledge. Have you not di-
vined
The greater meed

From "work done squarely and unwasted
days?"
The recompense lies not in rank, nor praise,
No, not in these alone, you know, "G. A.'s,"
But more, by far,

In character well formed, and dauntless will,
"Defeated, but not conquered,"—if you still

A VISIT TO SOME SCHOOLS IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

The education of girls in Eastern lands would be almost entirely neglected were it not for the charitable efforts of Christians in other countries. In Jaffa, the gateway to Jerusalem, we called at the English school for girls, one of the several benevolent institutions in that queer old city. This school accommodates all it has the means to support; some of the girls coming in for the day, the homeless orphans living at the school until old enough to provide for themselves in some way. Of course the common branches are taught, but best of all, the girls learn how to live. They learn to sew and make their cotton dresses and aprons; to cook properly; and to sing the simple Christian hymns. Some remarkably fine handiwork was displayed, done by the girls. Syrian women and girls have long been noted for their beautiful needlework.

Nazareth has a number of Christian charitable institutions. The English Female Education Society has a handsome stone building, erected in recent years, on a height overlooking the pretty white town. On a certain afternoon we were invited to call at the school which is for orphan girls. We made

the little excursion on horseback, after the manner of the country. We were first shown the various rooms, for recitation, and recreation below, the sleeping rooms being on the second floor. The equipment of this school was surprisingly modern and those little girls are supplied with the civilized comforts that we know. The girls were assembled and sang for us, in their sweet, childish voices. The women and children of Nazareth are, by the way, much prettier and more attractive than those of other parts of Palestine. Following the music, tea was served in true English style. The view from the top of the building comprised a fine, survey of the pleasant valley of Nazareth and the nestling hills.

A feature which interested us was the cooking room, where some of the girls were taking their brown loaves of leavened bread from the ovens. Wheat flour in that part of the world is very much darker than ours, and while the bread has a pronounced flavor, it is thoroughly wholesome and nutritious.

The town of Saida, known of old as Sidon, on the Phoenician coast, has a population of 11,500, of which only about two hundred are Protestants. It has several Catholic and Protestant as well as Mohammedan schools for boys and girls. The American Mission maintains a school for boys and girls in a building which was once a church built by the Crusaders. In return of a friendly call from the American clergyman who was in charge of the school, we made a short visit at the mission late one day. The American teacher and his wife appeared to take keen delight in receiving us fellow-citizens over there in that isolated place. After our hostess served American sponge cake, which she had baked especially for us, our host conducted us to the roof of that romantic old edifice,

and we watched for a time a glorious sunset fade in the West across the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

There is a large and important American institution at Beyrouth, Syria, called the Syrian Protestant College. It is really an American Mission school, of which there are a good many branch schools and mission stations located in different parts of Syria. In 1905 the College had 736 students of both sexes; it contains a theological seminary, medical department, astronomical observatory, teacher's training school, etc. It is conducted on broad modern principals and does not exclude Moslem students. Its directors evidently appreciate the requirements of the country, for its influence is constantly widening and it is surely fulfilling a great need. Its mission hospital, largely a charitable institution, its library, chapel, and other departments were interesting. In the attractive grounds surrounding the yellow stone buildings, we saw real cedars of Lebanon also other rarities, and March roses in bloom.

Joan S. Kilborn, '96.

HOW THE DENVER SPECIAL WAS SAVED.

In one of the busy cities of the middle West, in the early eighties, James Brown, then a young man of eighteen, was employed in the large mercantile house of Davis, Jones and Company. Thrown at the age of fifteen upon his own resources, he had found a home with a distant cousin who lived on a farm about a mile and a half from the city. Possessed of an honest ambition

and determination to succeed, he had recently accepted this position, and in order to economize he still made his home on the farm, and walked to and from his place of employment. In these daily walks it was his custom to take a short cut, leading across a bridge and thence along the railroad through a lonely tract of woods to his home.

One stormy night in early September, having been detained later than usual at his business, upon reaching the farther end of this bridge, an unusual sound arrested his attention. Listening intently, he heard low voices, and stealthily creeping around the granite abutment of the bridge, he was horrified to hear men planning to wreck the Denver Special, at a point just beyond the bridge. He knew that this train was carrying half a million dollars from the Denver Mint to Washington. In his excitement as he attempted to turn, he completely lost his balance and, unable to save himself, rolled over the bank almost to the feet of the plotters. Immediately recovering from their surprise at this unwelcome intrusion, the robbers seized the unfortunate boy, and threatening him with instant death if he made an outcry, securely bound him, hand and foot.

James pretended that he had heard nothing and that this fall was occasioned by a misstep. Being unable to obtain a release, he betook himself to thinking how he could save the train from destruction and pillage. The robbers had stretched themselves upon the ground and in a short time all were in a deep sleep except the one who watched.

It was now past midnight and James knew that the special was due at the city depot at four in the morning. How could he save it? He could not shout

without endangering his life and if he could, there was no one to hear him. He was familiar with the country and knew if he could escape there was a boat below by which he might cross the river and give the alarm. But he was bound and guarded,—what hope could exist? He found that by quietly moving his arms he could loosen the cords upon his wrists, and after long effort was able to free his hands. Then it was easy, if opportunity afforded, to release his legs. Time passed. Was there nothing he could do! Lives and property were at stake! The thought that he was helpless to prevent this dastardly crime drove him almost frantic. To save the train it must be stopped before it passed the station at Malvern, five miles beyond the bridge. By reaching the city station, Malvern could be wired. Night wore on. The sleepers awoke and made ready for their work of death and ruin. From their talk he learned that the Special would pass in less than two hours. His determination rose against defeat. He must stop the train!

The three men had now left for the scene of crime,—one remaining to guard him. The time was now so near that there was little to spare. If he acted it must be at once! He had loosed his hands and feet in the darkness, and made desperate by the situation, grasped a near by stone and by a quick and unsuspected movement, struck down his watchman by a blow upon the head. Then hastily making his way across the stream, he rushed to the city station and warned the operator of the impending danger. There was no time to spare. The train was due at Malvern in ten minutes. The telegraph key clicked out the Malvern call—no answer—again and again, but no response. What could be the reason? Was the Malvern operator asleep?

James was nearly crazed with suspense. All at once the truth flashed upon him.

"They have cut the wires," he shouted, "give me a lantern!"

"You can't make it," exclaimed the operator, "you have but eighteen minutes and nearly a mile to go."

But before he finished speaking, James had seized a signal lantern and was on his way toward the river. Not daring to cross the bridge, and knowing that he must get beyond the point of the intended wreck, he crossed the river by boat and took a secluded by-path through the woods. In his haste and anxiety he fell frequently in the darkness, and tired and bruised he almost despaired of success. In sheer desperation he kept on. He was almost there. Hark! the locomotive whistles in the distance. He is too late! No, that must be at the crossing about half way from Malvern. On he presses! He hears the rumble of the train. He reaches the open; the track is only a few steps off; suddenly he trips and falls; he tries to rise; his leg is broken. Oh heaven, must he fail now when so near? With supreme effort he drags himself up the incline toward the track. Then, away up the level stretch he sees the headlight of the onrushing engine. Up, up, he climbs. He is on the track, and pulling himself up on one foot, he swings the red light excitedly in the darkness. The train rushes on! Do they not see him? It slackens; yes, it slows down; it stops almost within his reach. The train is saved!

They found James a lifeless heap upon the roadway. Excitement, exhaustion and a broken limb had overcome him. The removed rail a little farther on told the story in part to the railroad men; but not until James had sufficiently recovered at the hos-

pital, to give a full account of it, was the courage, the sacrifice and the grim determination which had saved so many lives and so much property, fully known.

Nothing was spared by the railroad company to make his recovery rapid and comfortable, and as soon as he was able to leave the hospital he was asked to call at the office of the president of the road. Provided with a pass he made his way to Chicago, to the offices of the company. He was taken to the president's room. Upon giving his name the president said, "Then you are the young man who saved the train at Malvern, with its half-million of gold. We have looked you up. We know your habits and character. We want men like you in our service. Honest, courageous and determined young men will make good, and if you will accept a position in my office at fifteen hundred for the first year, I am sure that the future will be in your own keeping, and that the way will be open to high success."

James accepted. Of course he succeeded. He later became a director of the company and one of the wealthiest and best known railroad men in the country.

M. P., '17.

IVANHOE AND LADY CATHARINE.

The times were very unsettled in England; for it was a day of oppression and misrule, when life was held as cheap as in the days of Nero at Rome. Wives, mothers, and children were taken as well as lands, by the strongest power.

One night in an old deserted Saxon castle, in one of the most secluded rooms, three men sat around a table, their heads close together as though plotting some crime. The room was long and high, made of solid rock. The ceiling was arched and the only windows were high up on one end near the roof. A fire blazed in a huge fireplace at the other end and cast weird shadows on the walls. A knight, clad in full armor, sat in the farthest corner of the room at some distance from the men. His head rested upon his breast in a dejected attitude.

A paper was being written by the leader of the men and the evil smile upon his coarse, hard face proved that it was for no good purpose. Soon it was passed from one to another and their laughter broke forth like harsh discords upon a musical instrument. They carried the paper to the knight and seemed to enjoy his anguish as he read: "We do hereby swear that before the night is out, the priest, who rides by the river road with his escorting knight, shall either die by our hands at the rifted oak, or swing from yonder battlement; for what have they been to us but a hindrance to our plans and a friend to Ivanhoe, our sworn enemy?" Then came the leaders' names.

Two horsemen were riding swiftly down the river road, when, suddenly from the road side sprang two men. So sudden was the attack and so unexpected, that by the blow which the knight in white armor received, he was felled to the ground; and the hooded priest was hurried silently away.

Only the stillness of the night was left, while the stars looked down and saw a white horse gallop away leaving his rider motionless on the ground.

Time passed; the men returned and

lowered the body of the white knight into the river;—they were gone, and silence reigned again. Then two riders rode swiftly by the spot and disappeared in the distance; one wore the hood and cloak of a priest, the other, the armor of a knight.

In the chamber the men still sat by the table, when footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. Two men entered bearing between them a hooded priest. The leader arose and bade the two assistants be gone. Then raising his sword, with one motion he severed the cord and clasp that held the cloak in place. As it fell to the floor, it revealed, not the sleek young figure of a priest, but the beautiful form of a woman. She stood before them with her golden hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes, blue as the sky, a defiant figure, without a hint of shrinking or fear. Little did the leader like his mistake; but, leering at the maiden, he told her that the same fate awaited her as the priest, since she had taken his place. Then up sprang Ivanhoe from his corner (for it was he) and at a single leap was between the ruffian and the maid. Facing the leader, he said: "You have kept me here for money and treasures which you say my friend, Richard the Lion-hearted, owes you. I have kept my vow to him and you; but now, you must fight for your prize." He bared his sword and the leader did the same. The maiden shrank to the wall where she watched, breathlessly, the combat. Back and forth they went, steel rang upon steel; till at last the ruffian lay stretched upon the floor, dead, his sword stood upright in a crevice between the rocks, a few feet away. Ivanhoe made as though to attack his two followers, but they were gone; for they were cowards in a fair fight and were only brave in hidden plots and foul play. Tak-

ing the maiden in his arms, he made his escape; and overtaken by kindly disposed pilgrims, they reached York in safety. There it was learned that the brother of Lady Catharine, the White Knight, had been killed, but the priest and the knight, the second pair of horsemen on the river road that night, were safe.

Many years after this, when Ivanhoe had returned to Richard's Court, he received a small casket in which was placed a signet ring bearing the crest of the house of Lady Catharine, whose life he had saved, and who had been restored to her friends and lover through the valor of the Disinherited Knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

M. F., '15.

THE DEFICIENT PAPER.

"It's all up, Jim," Martin sighed as he made this remark to his roommate. "I got my last exam back this morning with a deficiency and of course I can't play with that low mark. My rank is none too good anyway."

The speaker, Richard Martin, a careless, good-natured fellow, played on the Harvard foot ball team. He was a poor student, but a star player and without him it was doubtful if they could win. His fellow-students urged him to try again for the game, played between Harvard and Yale, was to decide the championship and must be won by Harvard.

The next morning Martin tried the exam again after a night of hard study and passed. How he rejoiced! The foot ball players also rejoiced. They were now sure of winning the game.

That afternoon as Martin was in the dressing room preparing for action, a note was brought to him by one of the younger boys. It read: "Come to me at once." Signed, "Prof. Dixsfield." Martin's heart sank. It was for Professor Dixsfield that he had taken the last examination but what was the trouble now? He had surely passed. There was no doubt about that and yet——

He went to P— A— Hall and was at once ushered into the Professor's stern presence. It was simply this: the teacher had been told on good authority that Martin had passed dishonestly, and it was only fair that he should not be allowed to play.

Martin walked slowly out to the field where the players were lining up. He found the captain and told him about his call to the dormitory.

"So I guess I'll have to be a spectator today," he concluded.

"I know what we will do," said the Captain at last. "John Beakham can tell Prof. that you didn't cheat. He was in the room when you took the exam and he was always a favorite of Dixsfield's." They found Beakham and he readily agreed to tell the teacher that Martin passed honestly.

At last after a delay of a half hour the game was under way. Harvard was not playing as well as was expected and Yale was slowly gaining on the score.

At the end of the first half everybody was cheering for Yale. In the second half Martin, by an excellent kick, secured a touchdown and the time was up. The crowd waited breathlessly for the score to be given out, and when the bulletin board flashed out, "seven to five in favor of Harvard," a shout went up from the crowd that might be heard for miles.

R. A., '17.

ACADEMY FAIR AND ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual school fair was held in Garland Chapel, March 4th. The fair was well patronized and all friends of the school made special effort to be present.

The Senior booth occupied the center of the room, where fancy articles of every description were offered for sale. An art gallery in the parlor was also conducted by the Seniors and caused much merriment.

The Junior booth, prettily decorated in royal purple and white attracted much attention, because of a guessing contest, the person guessing the number of candies in a glass jar to receive a beautiful G. A. post card album. Miss Florence Chapman was the fortunate guesser.

The Sophomores had charge of domestic and fancy articles and the ever popular fishpond. It proved to be the banner class by securing the unusual amount of \$25. This is the largest amount ever secured by any one class in the history of Academy fairs.

The Freshman table, decorated with the colors, green and white, held a tempting display of home made candies and was well patronized.

The parlor was made especially attractive by the alumni table, which offered for sale all kinds of articles contributed by loyal alumni.

The loyal workers of the Y. W. C. A. had a table near the end of the room, where was found for sale Colgate's toilet accessories and cut flowers. Also dainty baskets made by the willing fingers of the girls.

Departing from the usual custom of serving a table d'hôte dinner, small tables were placed in the dining room, each artistically decorated with flow-

ers. Here during the afternoon patrons and visitors were served by competent boys and girls with dainty sandwiches, cake and appetizing drinks. A goodly sum was netted.

During the winter term the Seniors, according to the usual custom, decided to present to the eyes of the world a drama. As no one among the Seniors could act the part of the dark-eyed Oriental the call for assistance was answered by Harris Hamlin of the Sophomore class. They secured the competent services of Mrs. Eugene Vandenkercckhoven as directress and putting their shoulders to the wheel began the work. The presentation to be given was a two act drama entitled, "The Model Lover."

The manner in which the parts were taken was above comment and plainly reflected the skillful training which they had received. From Eva Bartlett's perfect imitation of Mrs. Babbitt, Colonel Francis' housekeeper, to that of Harris Hamlin, Prof. Pelletier's son, the acting was in every way above reproach.

Charles Small, as Colonel Francis, made a decided hit as the severe guardian, with old fashioned ideas in regard to women's sphere.

Miss Mabel Bailey, as Leslie, the charming niece of Col. Francis, won all hearts by her unaffected and attractive manner.

Frank Bean, as Monsieur Pelletier, the grizzled French professor with a poor understanding of the intricacies of the English language, occasioned much mirth by his ludicrous mistakes.

Miss Marion Frost, as the buoyant and animated ward of Col. Francis, was inimitable in the part of the strong minded young art student and loyal friend of Leslie.

Before the play a Greek drill was presented by sixteen girls under the

supervision of Miss Whitmore.

At the beginning a piano duet was given by Herbert and Jennie Bean, and secondly a song by four boys with Miss Herrick at the piano. Between the acts of the play several girls gave a song.

COMMUNICATION.

1064 W. 7th St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Herald:—

Having been invited by your Editor-in-Chief to contribute something for your next issue I have decided to give you a brief review of one day in California which we Bethelites enjoyed recently.

We took a car from Pomona, where we were spending the week, and rode to Riverside. It was a lovely, summery morning and the broad highway led through orange, lemon, walnut and grape fields. The broad highway in many places bordered by roses and geraniums, through several beautiful little "cities" of bungalow homes, most of which indicate thrift and prosperity. We arrived in Riverside, called "The City of Millionaires" and were conducted to the Indian school, and were shown through some of the buildings where several hundred children are being educated. They have all grades from primary to high and when they graduate are fitted in every way to earn their living in a civilized way. A foundry, machine and carpenter shops are provided for the boys as well as land for agricultural purposes, domestic science buildings for the girls. We saw them in the dining room eating their lunch. Boys were serving as

waiters that day. The different halls are arranged on the sides of a large court. On the boys side the Wigwam, Hiawatha Allessandro and the girls' side have the Tepee, Minnehaha and Ramona. They marched out in fine order and were dismissed for the recreation hour. It was a grand thought to establish this school which has been aided so much by Senator Sherman for whom the school is named. We then rode through Magnolia Avenue, a lovely street lined with magnificent palm and pepper trees which overarch the street, but we only saw two magnolias. Quite a misnomer we thought. Our next stop was at the famous Mission Inn, where we lunched. Words cannot describe the beauties of this place. It is mission in style of architecture, its furnishings and decorations are mission and it is filled from basement up with things from all parts of the known world, gathered by Mr. Miller the proprietor, in his various journeyings for that purpose. After a stay all too brief in this charming spot we boarded our car and went to Redlands where we were taken in carriages to the top of Smiley Heights, one of the most interestingly beautiful places in California. This mountain road winds around through leafy woods past lakelets and brooks, and on either side of the way are planted the rarest of plants, shrubs and trees. A great number are in full bloom now but the roses are not at their best until April. The view of the valley from the top is beyond my powers of description. The two Smiley brothers who owned and improved this place are gone now but I hope they realized what a blessing they had conferred on future generations by their generous gifts. A library stands near the foot of the mountain as another monument to their memory. We were soon on our return trip to Pomona car-

rying happy memories of a well spent day.

Olive M. Mason.

ALUMNI SOCIAL CLUB.

After four years of carefully organized school life, surrounded by devoted teachers, those graduates of our Academy who do not go on to college, find, after the beauty and excitement of graduation day, that society has no special place prepared for them, and there are often some blank, unproductive, and perhaps rather depressed years, before maturity makes self-direction possible.

Recognizing this gap in interesting young lives Mrs. J. G. Gehring, a trustee of Gould's Academy, has felt there might be a possibility of bridging this rather uninspiring period in the young people in our village and has undertaken what she calls, "An Experiment."

Since July, a group of young men and maidens have accepted her offer of her home as a Club-house, and have organized a Club of younger Alumni, and residents of the village:—this Club in nowise to interfere with the activities of the older Alumni Association formed some years ago.

Mrs. Gehring suggested that there should be a President and a Secretary, and offered her Lounge for a meeting place twice a month, and herself as a Leader, for one year.

Mr. Fred B. Merrill was appointed President, Mr. Philip Chapman became Secretary.

During the past seven months an interesting group of young people have manifested sufficient interest to give their Leader a growing assurance that

there may be built up in Bethel a solid social life of intelligence and charm among our young men and women, which will give their elders the inspiration that comes from seeing new life manifesting itself in worthy ways and gradually take their places in social life.

To give the Club-life a purpose and one requiring sufficient effort to produce development, Mrs. Gehring has taken the Frances I epoch in France,—that most picturesque epoch in history, and with the aid of Dr. Gehring's fine lantern-slides has drawn upon her memories of travels in Old Touraine to tell the stories connected with the eight famous French Chateaux,—those most fascinating to travellers. The study of French history has thus assumed the modern standard of "Reading without tears."

To learn the characteristics of these young people a program has included music, vocal solos, piano, and piano and violin selections; readings from American classics, and an unusual paper upon Mary, Queen of Scots. As a dessert to this substantial feast of reason charades and Old English Folk-Dances have given much merriment.

During the holidays, Mrs. Gehring gave a large party for the Club-members, specially including the college boys and girls, wherein dramatics and a "German" were introduced.

The Club has been a source, not only of pleasure, but of educational and social uplift to all who have been privileged to become members.

God bless the man with a scheme, an idea. It may be visionary, but in any case it certainly must be better than resting all the time.



GOULD'S ACADEMY DELEGATION AT BOYS' CONFERENCE.

BOYS' CONFERENCE.

Gould's Academy was represented at the State Boys' Conference, held at Portland, March 5, 6 and 7th by eighteen delegates, as follows: L. Cole, H. Hamlin, F. Bean, J. Hayford, H. Chapman, H. Brown, A. Buck, R. Farwell, H. Bean, V. Hutchins, V. Wight, R. Sloan, H. Young, G. Allen, E. Bean, E. Wilson, E. Van Den Kerekhoven and Principal F. E. Hanscom.

The above party left Bethel, Friday morning and returned Monday noon. The time from Friday evening to

Sunday evening was taken up almost entirely with the Conference sessions, Saturday afternoon alone from three to six being devoted to sight seeing.

All the meetings were of intense and vital interest, and it is hardly conceivable that anyone who was privileged to attend could fail to be benefitted, for the whole programme was a continuous inspiration to better living and higher thinking.

Thursday evening following the Conference a meeting, conducted by Principal Hanscom, was held in the Assembly room, where nearly all the delegates gave the other fellows their

impressions of the conference and told them in what ways they were helped and what new and higher resolves they had made as a result of this splendid series of meetings.

Y. M. C. A.

Although the Y. M. C. A. has held regular meetings during the winter term, all of which have been interesting and helpful, yet the chief interest has centered around the visit of the Bowdoin Deputation and the State Boys' Conference.

The following from the Oxford County Citizen summarizes the visit of the Bowdoin boys:

The deputation of young men from the Y. M. C. A. of Bowdoin College closed the meetings of their week end visit to Bethel with a very helpful service at the Methodist Church on Sunday evening.

Mr. Leo Cole, President of the Gould's Y. M. C. A. presided. Members of the Christian associations of the Academy and of the local churches read the scripture lesson, lead in prayer, and occupied the choir seats, while the ministers filled inconspicuous places in the background. Special music was rendered by a trio made up of Messrs. Anderson, Tyler and Bean. In answer to the question, "What Religion Means to Me," brief addresses were given by Mr. N. R. Springer, Prof. Hanscom, and the three visitors. One of the last spoke of service to others, the second of manliness, and the third gave the closing word on the winning of life's Marathon.

Only good words are heard concerning the men from Bowdoin—Alfred C.

Kinsey, '16, leader; Arthur Chapman, '17, and Robert Albion, '18. They did not come as preachers or revivalists, but rather as examples or illustrations of the conviction they hold—that Christ answers a real need in the life of every boy as well as of every man who wishes to be strong and clean and useful, that in fact manhood can be complete only in Christ.

A large company of young men met the visitors on their arrival at the station, and entertained them on Friday evening with two games of basket ball in the gymnasium—games between teams of Academy boys and yet, according to more than one spectator, the most interesting to watch of any offered this season. It was sometimes hard to tell who was ahead, however, because so many of the "Fats" were lean and so many of the "Leans" were comparatively fat that even the referee could not always be sure which was which.

Saturday's threat of storm was intended evidently only to try the mettle of the boys, for when they were once well started on their three mile hike, thirty-one in number, the air began to clear and conditions became ideal for the purpose. A committee had gone ahead to Grover Hill to start the fires at the camp loaned for the day by Mr. Lyman Wheeler. Soon after the arrival of the main group the coffee was ready, lunches were opened, and appetites gained by the tramp in the snow were given right of way. By way of a special dessert, at the close of the lunch marshmallows were distributed and each provided himself with a stick for toasting at the fire built in the open. But soon the quiet period of toasting marshmallows with the accompanying stories and jokes, gave place to livelier stunts. Wrestling matches, pyramids, individual

tricks or contests, varied by snow ball battles and tossing willing victims in a blanket filled nearly three happy hours, then the camp was cleared and the return march begun.

In the evening an interested company of men and boys gathered at Garland Chapel. After a social half hour the meeting was called to order, a hymn was sung, Mr. Kinsey delighted the company with a piano solo, Mr. Merrill added a word of greeting to the Bowdoin undergraduates in behalf of the local alumni of that college, and Dr. Wight followed with a solo which was greatly enjoyed. Brief addresses were given by Rev. W. C. Curtis and by Prof. Hanscom, and by Mr. Albion and Mr. Kinsey of the visitors. Another social half hour followed during which refreshments were served under the skilled direction of Dr. Tuell and Prof. Moore.

The closing word was given by Mr. Chapman of Bowdoin and the company was dismissed with prayer.

On Sunday morning good audiences greeted the student speakers at both churches. In the afternoon the meeting was wholly in charge of the visitors, Mr. Kinsey and Mr. Chapman uniting to urge upon their audience the need of a definite decision for right living and an early choice of Jesus Christ as Savior and Leader.

Y. W. C. A.

During the winter the Association has held regular meetings on Wednesdays at 4.15. Three of these have been missionary, two having "China" for the general subject, the third, "Missionary Work Along the Coast of

Maine," of which Miss Whitmore was able to speak from personal experience. Among other subjects have been New Year's Resolutions, Getting Out of Ruts and Keeping Out, Confessing Christ away from Home, Lessons from Lincoln, Billy Sunday. The leaders have been chiefly sophomores and alumnae, to whom we are very grateful for interesting meetings. We also are very appreciative of the talk which Mrs. Curtis gave us at our last meeting.

February 17, Miss Steward and Miss Webb of Colby College visited us. They arrived in the morning and spoke at the afternoon meeting. Tea was served in their honor at five o'clock at the residence of Miss Miriam Herrick. In the evening a meeting open to all the ladies of the town was held in the Assembly room of the Academy. Miss Webb told us of what is being done in social service by the Colby girls, and Miss Steward talked of work among the immigrants.

For some time we have been planning for the Girls' Conference, which is to be held in Portland, April 9-11. Twelve girls have been chosen as delegates, with Miss Pratt as leader. Two more of our members will go from the C. E. Society of the Congregational Church, and one or more from the Methodist Young Peoples' Society. We are hoping to get many new ideas for our work from this conference and especially for a deepening of the religious life in all our hearts.

Learn to say "No"; it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

C. H. Spurgeon.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

Here's to the whole school for fear some fool will be sore because he's left out.

"Blessed with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human
kind."

Mr. Hanscom.

"Know more than others if you can, but
do not tell them so."

Leo Cole.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Nina Briggs.

"To know her is a liberal education."

Miss Whitmore.

"There is no man that imparteth his joys
to his friends, but he joyeth the more."

Winfield Howe.

"She is a coral of goodness,
She is a 'Ruby' of rich fullness."

Ruby Ashby.

"Take time for thinking; never work in
haste;

And value not yourself for writing fast."

Homer Bartlett.

"Can none remember that eventful day?"

Declamation Day.

"The drum makes the most noise, but it
is the silent baton that directs the orches-
tra."

Vivian Hutchins.

"There's heart in my heart to bear my
load!

So enough! the day is good!"

Margery Allen.

"The daily toil of righteous men is sweet."

Elwin Wilson.

"So sweet, so true, so gentle

She is, that one and all

Are happy to be near her

And answer to her call."

Annie Cummings.

"No man can do the things I do."

Gerald Rand.

"Always talk big, and you will never be
forgotten."

Lawrence Kimball.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Harold Chapman.

"Accomplishments are native to her
mind."

Ernestine Philbrook.

"There is hope for the young graduate
who realizes how little he knows."

Class of 1915.

"However full the world,
There is room for an honest man."

Herbert Bean.

"Taking it easy is often the cause of get-
ting it hard."

Charles Bartlett.

"To will is to do."

Virgil Wight.

"The clown may be amusing, but he is
seldom the manager of the circus."

Edgar Inman.

"He would not wink, because he said
It looked like exercise."

Archie Buck.

"Her pranks the favorite theme of every
tongue."

Naomi Smith.

"Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self surpast."

Muriel Park.

"Surely I shall be wiser in a year."

Gordon Allen.

"A goodly babe, lusty and likely to live."

Laurant Pingree.

"Oh, boy, whate'er thou deignest to ask,
we'll humbly do right soon,
The earth is plainly thine alone, together
with the moon."

Eugene Van.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all content like me?"

Elmer Bean.

"All they need is a blue ribbon on their
hair."

Alice and Ruth Brown.

"To a young heart everything is sport."

Yvonne Brown.

"She pursues 'art for art's sake.' "

Mary Harrington.

"A clear conscience is a will of brass."

Gladys Davis.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Nellie Harrington.

"He is a good fellow well met."

James Hayford.

"He is the mildest mannered man."

Robert Farwell.

"Human nature is fond of novelty."

Harrie Brown.

"I am not only witty in myself, but the
cause that wit is in other men."

Charles Small.

"If you would read your fate, methinks,
To Egypt you had better go,
And there consult the wise old sphinx,
This is the only way I know."

Violet Morrill.

"Everyone sneezes as God pleases."

Ruth Elliott.

"His locks uncombed like a rough wood
appear."

Fernly Norton.

"Your love between two swains
Once was equally divided,
But now your heart appears
Just a little bit lopsided."

Alice Gunther.

"So stately her bearing."

Mabel Bailey.

"There is none like her, none."

Harry Young.

"The sweetest little maid
That ever crow'd for kisses."

Florence Chapman.

"Now by the two headed Janus, nature
hath made strange fellows in her time."

Ray and Roy Cummings.

"Father calls me William,
Mother calls me Will,
The girls all call me Willie,
But the fellers call me Bill."

William Hastings.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain."

Lee Abbott.

"Her looks do argue her replete with mod-
esty."

Helen Clark.

"Your nature so winsome and breezy,
Even Time will not wither or fade,
You need never get 'fussed' or uneasy
For fear you will be an old maid."

Blanche Herriek.

"Manhood is not measured by the size of
the chest, but by the quality of the heart."

Robert Hastings.

"A farmer on his feet, the world agrees,
Is taller than a prince upon his knees."

Anson Kendall.

"Laughter is day, and sobriety is night,
and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently
between both, and more bewitching than
either."

Jennie Bean.

"Every noble life leaves the fibre of it
interwoven forever in the work of the
world."

Miss Pratt.

"Angel child."

Harris Hamlin.

"System is the keynote to success."

Hazel Arno.

"To her who says just what she likes 'twill
fall

To hear some things she doesn't like at
all."

Dorothy Hutchins.

"Fast or slow, I'll reach the top!
Birds that cannot fly can hop."

Ethel Cole.

"Begin it well, and know
That God will end it so."

Freshman Class.

"And I wonder more and more
Just what I am hurrying for."

Alton Hutchinson.

"No one may know the light thou art to
me."

Gladys Spearrin.

"A lion among ladies, is a most dreadful
thing."

Frank Bean.

"The kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

Mr. Moore.

"It may not be my lot to win,
The crowd's applause, the world's regard;
But I can turn my back to sin,
And keep my worthiness unmarred."

Hattie Knight.

"Never was such a charger as yours."

George Mundt.

"I may not have the gifts to gain
High favor or to win renown,
But I can manfully refrain
From ever pulling others down."

Paul Head.

"A youth, light hearted and content."

Roger Sloan.

"Her honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow 't away."

Frances Baker.

"Her words and works and fashions too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight."

Myrtle Wilson.

"Thou art fair, and few are fairer."

Edith Somerville.

"And mistress of herself, though China
fall."

Miss Herrick.

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest
miss."

Kathryn Hanscom.

"Black brows
Become some women best."

Ermine Rabideau.

"A scorn of flattery, and a zeal for truth."

Eva Bartlett.

"She speaks, behaves, and acts just as
she should."

Mary Gorman.

"Neat, not gaudy."

Cleo Swett.

"Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and
wisdom with mirth."

Grace Deardon.

"Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty written there."

Marion Frost.



SCHOOL NOTES.

Prof. Brown of Colby and Prof. Stevens of University of Maine visited the Academy on March 9th.

The Senior class parts have been assigned as follows:

- Valedictory—Eva Bartlett.
- Salutatory—Leo Cole.
- History—Gladys Davis.
- Oration—Harrie Brown.
- Prophecy—Ethel Cole.
- Address to Undergraduates—Frank Bean.
- Class Gift—Marion Frost.
- Gifts to Class—Mabel Bailey.
- Class Ode—Charles Bartlett.
- Class Will—Charles Small.

The following have visited school recently: Mildred Chapman, Lester Richardson, Parker Russell, Esther Tyler, Marion Hutchins, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Knight, Ola Bartlett.

During the winter term the Editorial Board donned their "Sunday Best" and one sunny noon time presented themselves at the studio of the local photographer. Their object is easily guessed. While waiting for some of the belated ones to arrive a few of our party played pool, while others scrutinized the exhibits which adorn the walls. Owing to the popularity of some of the young men no little difficulty was experienced by the photographer in grouping us. All the girls were determined to be in close proximity

to our business manager, athletic editor and the various assistants. After much quibbling we were harmoniously arranged, the final admonition to "look pleasant" was given, the camera clicked, and the deed was done. Then we dispersed reluctantly to the various classes, and waited impatiently for the proofs. They appeared in a few days and every one was delighted not to find the result as atrocious as they expected.

JUST AN INCIDENT.

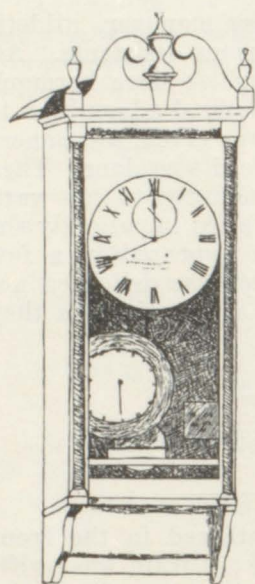
We were all gathered in the front end of the car and the train was swiftly bearing us homeward from the Boys' Conference, when some one said, "Fellows, let's get off and cheer the Norway and Paris delegates." No sooner said than the motion was carried and we fellows all gathered on the steps ready to jump as soon as the train stopped.

While waiting, the question arose about this season's base ball.

"Yes," piped up a voice that we recognized as King Kole, "I intend to be base runner for you fellows this spring." The train slowed down and with a whoop of joy King jumped from the train and struck—not on his feet but on his side—and slid, long and with all the grace of a professional ball player, beneath the feet of a pretty damsel.

Upon seeing his mistake and finding that he was not on the diamond, after all, he arose to his feet.

"A hem—er—er—excuse me, Miss, I—er—oh—pardon me," and with this broken remark King vanished into the car and "held his base" for the rest of the trip.



Under
The
School
Clock

Goodee-mornin'. Nicee dayee.

* * * *

Paint! Paint! Paint!

* * * *

Oh that Chianti flask!

* * * *

"My wife, she's gone to Europe."

* * * *

Mon fils! Mon fils!

* * * *

Visit the art gallery.

* * * *

Oh Uncle! Why Gardy!

* * * *

Who got the Junior Violets?

* * * *

All ze same—all ze same.

* * * *

Mabel is a stately miss,

Charming, graceful, tall;

We wonder why a girl like this

Should wish to be so "Small."

Miss H. in Eng. III.—"What is Lenox, Mass., noted for?"

Miss M-r-l.—"It makes Lenox Soap."

* * * *

Miss E. in Am. Hist.—"Hull was very defeatful." (And yet 'tis said there is nothing new under the sun.)

* * * *

Mr. N— translating in French II.—"I know nothing—"

Miss P.—"That's alright Mr. N— only don't stop right there."

* * * *

Miss H. in Eng. III.—"Where do the women sit at the Execution?"

Mr. H.—"They have reserved seats in the front row."

* * * *

Miss P. in French II.—"What does venir a mean?"

Miss E.—"To come to."

Miss P.—"It would seem that that meaning might help some of us."

* * * *

Miss H. in Eng. III.—"What were some of the writings of Whittier?"

Mr. M.—"Whittier wrote 'Cramberry Tales.'"

* * * *

Overheard conversation between two teachers.

Miss— "Where are my gloves?"

Mr.—"Are these them?"

Miss— "Yes, these is they."

* * * *

Lost, strayed or stolen, a bag of roses.

Where did you find them Florence? (Why, we never knew "Beans" needed garnishings of roses before.)

* * * *

Ethel is a bonny lass,

Her favorite bird's a swan,

She works so hard she'll always pass

For she rises with the dawn.

In Senior Reviews. Mr. H.—“If there are any more questions please ask them now, for I wish to send you to bed very soon.” (And we wondered what he meant.) But let me tell you that it takes more than the class of 1915 to get ahead of Mr. H. for on excusing the class he said, “You may retire now.”

* * * *

Miss H. in Eng. IV.—“Who was the founder of the novel?”

Miss B.—“Oh! I know, it was Robinson Crusoe.”

* * * *

Miss C. in Senior Normal, (giving a lesson on the Indians).—“And at night they lie down by their fires and go to sleep.”

Eva (playing the part of a third grader).—“Don’t they put on their nighties?”

Miss C.—“No, they sleep in their skins.” (And even the dignified Senior Normal girls laughed.)

* * * *

Miss H. in Eng. III.—“What did they do on their way to the Guillotine?”

Mr. M.—“They held hands.”

* * * *

Mr. M. in Physics.—“Where is the best place to see one of these machines?”

Mr. N.—“Down to the machine shop.” (We wonder why Fernly thought of the machine shop first.)

* * * *

Overheard in Junior English.—“What I should like to know is, what is meant by Henry Esmond’s sleeping closet?” (Some day our posterity may want to know “What is a fly?”)

* * * *

News from Ancient History.

(1) Leaders of Sicilian Expedition

—Mardonius, Artaphernes, Datis, Alcibicides, Leonidas, Aristides, Xerxes.

Course—Along shore straight sea.

Events—Burning of Athens, shipwrecked at Mt. Atlas.

(2) Athens gained naval supremacy by adopting the phalanx.

(3) Cleon was a slow and cautious man.

(4) Theban supremacy began on the island of Sphacteria.

(5) Theban leaders: Cleon, Aristides, Pericles, Antalcidas.

(6) The seige of Tyre was the end of the Theban supremacy.

(7) Later on he was assassinated and in a few years he came back and was killed in battle.

* * * *

NEW MEN AND PLACES IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

Sieseto.

Miltines.

Skeyos.

The dealing Confederacy.

Lamanaundrus.

Panamaundrus.

Artherfernis.

Sarsanias.

* * * *

GOSSIP.

As I was coming home from school the other night I saw two boys standing on the street engaged in earnest conversation; and hearing some names which sounded familiar, I stepped around the corner and played the part of eavesdropper.

The speakers proved to be Fernly Norton and Harris Hamlin. Fernly said that Blanche told him that Ernestine said that she heard by way of Winfield Howe and Florence Chapman told him that Frank, who keeps her posted on all the village gossip, said that he heard Hazel Arno tell Harold

Chapman that Ermine told her that she was into Clarence Fox's store and heard Harrie Brown say that Alice Gunther told him that she heard Ruby Ashby confidentially say to Muriel that it was all over Gould's Academy that the reason why Mabel likes "Beans" is because of her fondness for "Small" things.

* * * *

The Freshmen have the numbers.

The Sophomores the "mon,"

The Juniors have George August Mundt,

But the Seniors have the fun.

THOSE NEW ACADEMY FLOORS.

For several years the old and badly worn floors in the Academy have been an eye-sore and a "stumbling block" to the teachers and pupils of the school. The idea of raising money for new floors has often been suggested, and as often forced to the background by other and more urgent needs.

One year ago it was universally agreed that the next improvement to be worked for should be new floors. When school closed last June the Business Manager of the Herald found a small balance in the treasury, which was set aside as a nucleus for a floor fund; but the gift of the Holden books made the purchase of new book cases a necessity, and this money, together with other money which had been set aside from the last Academy Fair for the purchase of books, was diverted to this purpose.

In February, Principal Hanscom opened a subscription fund through the columns of the Citizen, and, with the assistance of Miss Pratt, sent letters

to many absent alumni. Miss Addie Gordon rendered very valuable assistance by giving generously of her time in typewriting many of these letters.

Up to the present time about \$235.00 has been raised by subscription, and nearly \$90.00 was appropriated to the fund from the receipts of the Academy Fair. Floors have been laid in the assembly room, library, and upper and lower halls. All the desks in the assembly room have been repaired and refinished and other minor repairs made. The work has been done under the direction of Principal F. E. Hanscom and Supt. E. C. Park, and every dollar has yielded a return of fully one hundred cents in value.

Some \$35.00 of the fund is still unexpended and two large rooms still need new floors. It is estimated that \$150.00 will be needed to supply these floors and refinish the seats in these rooms. We believe Gould's has sufficient friends who have not already contributed to this cause to make up this sum and complete the undertaking.

Gould's has never made large demands upon her alumni. A few devoted friends have always responded to every call, and to such friends she owes her very existence. When Dartmouth College was fighting for her very life against a hostile Legislature that threatened to revoke her charter, Daniel Webster made that famous speech which will be a lesson in loyalty to Dartmouth alumni for all time, in which he said: "Dartmouth is a small college, but there are those who love it." There are those who love Gould's or she would never have maintained her existence for three quarters of a century with practically no endowment.

Doubtless many have not seen the call for aid; others may not have giv-

en the matter a second thought. Will you not think and act now? Gould's merits and needs your active and whole-hearted support.

Below is a complete list of contributors to the floor fund to date. Others assisted no less generously by contributing to the success of the Fair. To one and all our hearty thanks are herewith extended.

FUND FOR ACADEMY FLOORS.

Mr. J. P. Skillings,	\$10.00
Mr. and Mrs. John M. Gould,	2.00
"Anonymous,"	2.00
Miss Mabel M. Bean,	1.00
Miss Mary H. True,	5.00
Mrs. Susie Hutchins Caldwell,	2.00
Miss Blanche M. Russell,	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Gould,	2.00
Miss Ruth Farrington,	1.00
Mr. Wm. J. Upson,	25.00
Mr. Theodore Gould,	1.00
Miss Mary C. Stanley,	50
Mr. J. B. Roberts,	2.00
Mr. Carroll E. Valentine,	2.00
Miss Belle Purrington,	1.00
Miss Ida Packard,	50
Miss Gwendolyn Stearns,	1.00
Mr. Roy Thurston,	50
Mr. Harold Rich,	2.00
Miss Mildred Bosserman,	50
Miss Alice Kimball,	1.00
Mrs. Martha Bartlett,	5.00
Mr. Ernest Bisbee,	50
Miss Alice Capen,	1.00
Mr. E. C. Chamberlain,	10.00
Miss Florence Carter,	1.00
Miss Helen Baker,	1.00
Miss Cleo A. Russell,	2.00
Mrs. O. M. Mason,	5.00
Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Gehring,	25.00
Miss Mabel W. Gleason,	2.00
Miss Sara B. Chapman,	5.00
Miss Carrie M. Wight,	2.00
Mrs. Helen Bisbee Packard,	2.50
Miss Minnie Eagle,	1.00
Mr. J. M. Philbrook,	10.00
Miss Mae Cross,	1.00

Miss Mildred Chapman,	50
Mr. Albert Clark,	1.00
Mrs. Lyle B. Richardson,	1.00
Mr. Wm. Bingham, 2nd,	20.00
Mrs. Maud Goud Rix,	50
Miss Margaret C. Herrick,	2.00
Mrs. John Kittredge,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings,	10.00
Mr. Robert F. Sanborn,	2.00
Hon. A. E. Herrick,	10.00
Mrs. Bessie Goud Stiles,	50
"Alumnus,"	2.00
Miss Mildred Brown,	50
Mrs. Lucie Morse Swain,	1.00
Mr. W. J. Wheeler,	5.00
Miss N. Shirley Russell,	3.00
From Academy Fair,	89.22
Arthur E. Richardson,	1.00
Allan Town,	5.00
Leon V. Walker,	1.00
Leroy W. Hamlin,	1.00
Mrs. W. O. Straw,	10.00
Seth Walker,	5.00
Ernest Walker,	5.00
Elmon Jordan,	1.00
Albert L. Burbank,	5.00
Chauncey Bryant,	3.00
Miss Methel Packard,	1.00
Mrs. Paul C. Thurston,	1.00
Mr. George F. Rich,	5.00
Miss Jennie M. Rich,	2.00
Total,	\$336.22

AN EVERY DAY PRAYER.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end, the gift of sleep.

Amen.

Robert Louis Stevenson.



ATHLETICS

BASE BALL.

Our prospect for a successful season in base ball is, on the whole, more favorable than in the past two years. We lost three players last year by graduation, including our catcher and former captain. All the rest of the team are back determined to wipe out the disgrace of last year's defeats.

Manager Moore has arranged for us a good schedule with other schools in our vicinity. We are handicapped here by a late spring which makes it impossible for us to begin practice as early as other schools; but with all the fellows pulling together and working their hardest we hope to bring back a

good percentage of victories to Old Gould's. H. C. Chapman, Captain.

Following is the schedule:

May 1—Mechanic Falls H. S. at Mechanic Falls.

May 8—Norway H. S. at Norway.

May 15—Mechanic Falls H. S. at Bethel.

May 22—Oxford H. S. at Oxford.

May 29—Oxford H. S. at Bethel.

June 5—Norway H. S. at Bethel.

June 12—Alumni at Bethel.

BASKET BALL.

Gould's basket ball team began their season by playing Norway High at G. A. gymnasium, Dec. 4. The game was hotly contested, with Norway showing superior coaching and more practice.

	Floor	Foul	
	Goals	Goals	Total
NORWAY H. S.			
Smith, lb.,	1	0	2
Klain, rb.,	1	0	2
Shepard, c.,	4	2	10
Bethel, rf.,	1	0	2
Sanderson, lf.,	9	4	22
Andrews, sub.			
Total,	16	6	38
	Floor	Foul	
	Goals	Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Small, rf.,	0	0	0
Kendall, rf.,	2	0	4
Chapman, lf.,	2	0	4
Howe, c.,	5	6	16
Cummings, rb.,	0	0	0
Bean, lb.,	1	0	2
Total,	10	6	26

Time, two 20-minute periods. Referee, Farnham; Umpire, Chapman; Scorers, Pratt and Young.

On the evening of Dec. 11, Gould's 2nd defeated Norway High 2nd. It was a fast game and showed that next year some good material would be ready to take the places vacated by the Seniors.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S 2nd.			
Inman, rf.,	1	0	2
Young, lf.,	4	4	12
Mundt, c.,	1	0	2
Bartlett, lb.,	3	0	6
Cummings, rb.,	0	0	0

Total, 9 4 22

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
NORWAY 2nd.			
Harriman, rf.,	3	2	8
Hall, lf.,	0	0	0
Lasselle, c.,	1	0	2
Klain, lb.,	2	0	4
Bartlett, rb.,	0	0	0
Brooks, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 6 2 14

Referee, Small; Timer, Moore; Scorer, Pratt.

During the one week vacation Gould's played Rumford H. S. at the Institute, Rumford, and was badly defeated.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
RUMFORD H. S.			
Young, rf.,	12	0	24
U. Bouffard, lf.,	4	0	8
Marx, c.,	5	0	10
A. Bouffard, lb.,	1	0	2
Lovejoy, rb.,	1	0	2
Thomas, sub.	—	—	—
Dyer, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 23 0 46

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Kendall, rf.,	2	0	4
Chapman, lf.,	1	3	5

Mundt, c.,	0	0	0
Cummings, rb.,	0	0	0
Bean, lb.,	1	0	2
Young, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 4 3 11

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee, Small; Umpire, Dennis; Scorer, Moore.

On Friday evening, Jan. 8, Gould's played Norway H. S. at Norway.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
NORWAY H. S.			
Sanderson, lf.,	13	5	31
Haskell, rf.,	7	0	14
Shepard, c.,	8	0	16
Smith, lb.,	6	0	12
Andrews,* rb.,	1	0	2

Total, 35 5 75

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Chapman, lf.,	2	0	4
Kendall, rf.,	0	0	0
Howe, c.,	4	2	10
Cummings, rb.,	1	0	2
Bean, lb.,	0	0	0
Young, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 7 2 16

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee, Klain; Umpire, Small; Scorer, Moore.

The best game played on the home floor was on Friday evening, Jan. 15. The game was exciting from start to finish and our team would have won easily but for hard luck.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
WESTBROOK SEM.			
Pratt, rf.,	2	2	6
Ryder, lf.,	0	0	0
Brown, c.,	6	0	12
Cottrell, lb.,	2	0	4
Dow, rb.,	2	0	4
Allen, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 12 2 26

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Kendall, rf.,	3	0	6
Chapman, lf.,	2	0	4
Howe, c.,	4	4	12
Cummings, rb.,	1	0	2
Bean, lb.,	0	0	0
Bartlett, sub.			
Young, sub.			
Total,	10	4	24

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee, Small; Umpire, Fuller; Timers, Smart and Moore; Scorers, Smart and Pratt.

On Friday evening, Jan. 29, Rumford High came with the intention of showing Gould's professional basket ball, and if by running, tripping, and slugging, make a first class game, Rumford surely had the material. Gould's played a good clean game and although beaten by a narrow margin, showed that clean basket ball is the kind that Gould's represents.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
RUMFORD H. S.			
Young, rf.,	1	0	2
U. Bouffard, lf.,	3	1	7
Marx, c.,	2	0	4
Dyer, lb.,	1	0	2
A. Bouffard, rb.,	2	0	4
Lovejoy, sub.			
Total,	9	1	19

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Kendall, rf.,	0	0	0
Chapman, lf.,	0	0	0
Howe, c.,	3	3	9
Cummings, rb.,	1	0	2
Bean, lb.,	1	0	2
Bartlett, lf.,	1	0	2
Total,	6	3	15

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee, Small; Umpire, Dennis; Timer, Moore; Scorer, Pratt.

Gould's played against the fast Westbrook High quintet at G. A. gymnasium Feb. 12.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
WESTBROOK H. S.			
Guimond, rf.,	6	0	12
Hawkes, lf.,	6	0	12
Welch, c.,	9	5	23
Knight, rb.,	0	0	0
Spiller, lb.,	0	0	0
Houston, sub.			
Total,	21	5	47

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Kendall, rf.,	2	0	4
Bartlett, lf.,	1	0	2
Howe, c.,	5	3	13
Bean, lb.,	1	1	3
Cummings, rb.,	2	0	4
Rand, sub.			
Total,	11	4	26

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee, Small; Umpire, Hogan; Timers, Moore and Hawkes; Scorers, Chapman and Watson.

On Friday, Feb. 19, Gould's closed its season by going to Portland, playing Westbrook Seminary, Friday evening, and Westbrook High School, Saturday afternoon.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
WESTBROOK SEM.			
Allen, rf.,	8	6	22
Pratt, lf.,	1	0	2
Brown, c.,	6	0	12
Cottrell, rb.,	2	0	4
Dow, rb.,	0	0	0
Chase, lb.,	4	0	8
Total,	21	6	48

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Kendall, lf.,	2	0	4
Bartlett, rf.,	0	0	0

Howe, c.,	4	3	11
Bean, lb.,	1	0	2
Cummings, rb.,	1	0	2
Hayford, sub.	—	—	—

Total, 8 3 19

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee,
Howe; Umpire, Small; Timers, Hayford and
Gumby; Scorer, Moore.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
WESTBROOK H. S.			
Spiller, lf.,	1	0	2
Hawkes, rf.,	6	0	12
Welch, c.,	9	11	29
Knights, rb.,	1	0	2
Houston, lb.,	4	0	8
	—	—	—
Total,	21	11	53

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Kendall, rf.,	2	0	4
Bartlett, lf.,	0	0	0
Howe, c.,	3	2	8
Bean, lb.,	0	0	0
Cummings, rb.,	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Total,	5	2	12

Time, two 20-minute periods; Referee,
Graham; Umpire, Small; Timer, Hayford;
Scorer, Moore.

During the season Gould's played
several games with the Town Team.
The most interesting was played Nov.
20.

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
GOULD'S.			
Chapman, lf.,	3	0	6
Kendall, rf.,	0	0	0
Howe, c.,	7	3	17
Bean, lb.,	0	0	0
Cummings, rb.,	2	0	4
	—	—	—
Total,	12	3	27

	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Total
TOWN TEAM.			
Littlehale, rf.,	1	0	2
Conroy, lf.,	0	0	0
Thurston, c.,	3	0	6
Robertson, lb.,	0	0	0
Neal, rb.,	0	0	0
Smith, rb.,	0	0	0
	—	—	—

Total, 4 0 8
Time, two 15-minute periods; Referee,
Small; Timer, Moore; Scorer, Pratt.

GET BUSY.

"If you have a task, my son,"
Pitch right in and get it done
"Well begun's half done," you know,
Says the maxim and it's so;
Jump into your work with zest;
When you've finished, stop and rest—
Get busy!

Boy, be at your toil today;
All tomorrow you may play;
You'll enjoy the recess more
If your work you do before.
Only one way to get through,
Keep hard at it till you do—
Get busy!

Boy, it's such a little span
From the far rear to the van;
Dash ahead and win the stake;
You can do it; make the break.
Rest and holiday are where
Work is done. Strike out for there.
Get busy!



EXCHANGES.

We are glad to find that our list of exchanges is increasing with each issue of the Herald. In this last issue we wish to thank all papers that have so kindly exchanged with us during the past year.

Our list of exchanges is as follows:

The Caduceus, Norway High.

The Hebron Semester, Hebron Academy.

The Archon, Dummer Academy.

The Washingtonia, Washington State Normal School.

The Quito, Casco High.

The Par-Sem, Parsonsfield Seminary.

The P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle High.

The Nautilus, Waterville High.

The Jabberwock, Latin School, Boston.

The Academy Echo, Freedom Academy.

The Rostrum, Guilford High.

The Stranger, Bridgton Academy.

The Bates Student, Bates College.

The Maine Campus, U. of Maine.

The "Rostrum," "Quito" and "Archon" are new to us, and we hope to hear from them again.

The "Caduceus" is one of the largest and best written papers we receive.

The "P. I. H. S. Flyer" is a fine weekly High School paper.

RESOLUTIONS.

That I won't borry nor lend—espishily lend.

That I won't advise enybody until I kno the kind ov advice they are anxious to follow.

That I won't swop dogs with no man unless I can swop two for one.

That I won't sware enny, unless I am under oath.

That poverty may be a blessing, but if it iz, it iz a blessing in disguise.

That the world owes me a living—provided I earn it.

That no man shall beat me in politeness, not so long as politeness continues to be as cheap as it iz now.

—Josh Billings.

Here's ho for the masterful men o' Maine,
Grit and gumption, brawn and brain;
South they go, and West they flow,
The men that do and the men that know,
And Fame and Honor, Power and Gain
Come to the call of the men o' Maine.

Holman F. Day.

Statistics of the Class of 1915.

Name	Known as	Age	Complexion	Disposition	Favorite Expression
Charles Bartlett	Charlie	19	Pink and White	Questionable	"Well, what have I did?"
Frank Bean	Bean	17	Roan	Peppery	? ? ? ?
Charles Small	Shorty	20	Natural	Strenuous	He says it's French.
Leo Cole	King Kole	17	Villainous	Domineering	Too numerous to mention.
Harrie Brown	Brown	17	Medium	Even	Ask Ruby.
Ethel Cole	Tim	17	Freckled	Quiet	"Gee."
Marion Frost	Marn Frost	18	Common	"Bossy"	"Shocking."
Gladys Davis	Gladys	19	From 80 to 90	Serious	"Oh, well."
Mabel Bailey	Mabel	17	Just right	Happy	"Well, what we going to do about it?"
Eva Bartlett	Kicky	19	Mild	Up and down	Undecided.

Name	Favorite Study	Favorite Reading	Self Estimate	Ambition
Charles Bartlett	Bookkeeping.	"The Millionaire Baby."	I'm some chauffeur.	To be a wireless operator.
Frank Bean	History of Northern Italy.	"Romola."	It.	To go to "Florence."
Charles Small	Same as Miss Davis'.	"Mabel, Little Mabel, Etc."	Some class to me.	To be a doctor.
Leo Cole	I like all of 'em.	"The Boss."	My dignity is above the Gods.	To be a singer.
Harrie Brown	Human nature.	"Alice in Wonderland."	A lion among ladies.	To be a collegian.
Ethel Cole	Geometry.	"The Grey Swan."	"She lets others say."	To teach.
Marion Frost	Algebra.	"Daddy's Girl."	Superior to men.	To be an editor. (?)
Gladys Davis	German.	"Not Like Other Girls."	As good as the rest.	To be a German teacher.
Mabel Bailey	Horticulture—specialty, "Small" fruit.	"Life of Charles the Great."	I'll do.	To be "Small."
Eva Bartlett	Senior English.	"Pickwick Papers."	From 95 to 100.	To teach mathematics.

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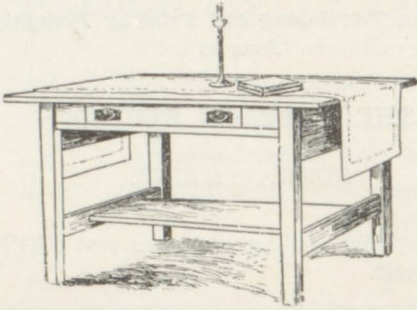
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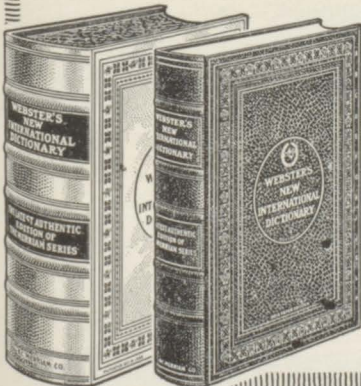
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